



ISSUE

#5

\$3.99

ALIENS™

DEFIANCE



BRIAN WOOD
TRISTAN JONES
DAN JACKSON



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ALIENS™

DEFIANCE

ISSUE #5

OUT IN DEEP SPACE, **ZULA HENDRICKS** AND **DAVIS 01** RECOVER FROM THE UPRISING incited by Weyland-Yutani aboard the *Europa*. Feelings of isolation cause Zula to second-guess her physical abilities and tempt her to return to the care of her military physician, Dr. Yang. The discovery of a compromised shuttle that is spilling corpses of crew members and aliens into the frozen depths rekindled Zula's fire for alien extermination — even if it means going up against those who trained her.

SCRIPT
BRIAN WOOD

ART
TRISTAN JONES

COLORS
DAN JACKSON

LETTERING
**NATE PIEKOS
OF BLAMBOT®**

COVER
**MASSIMO
CARNEVALE**

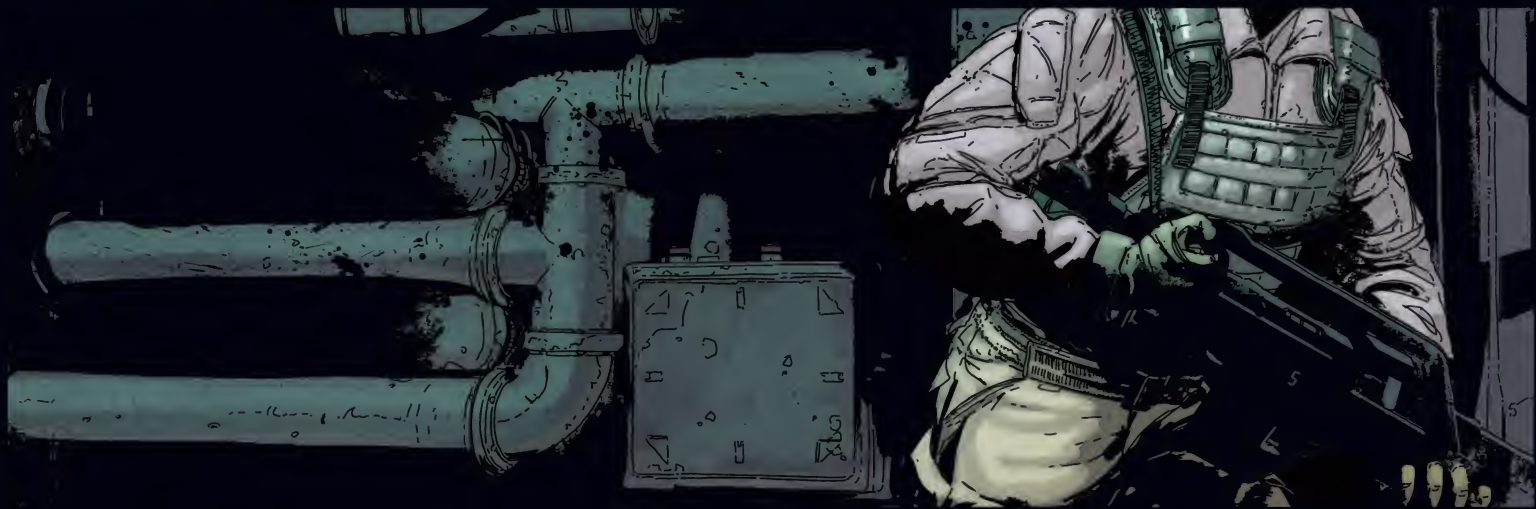
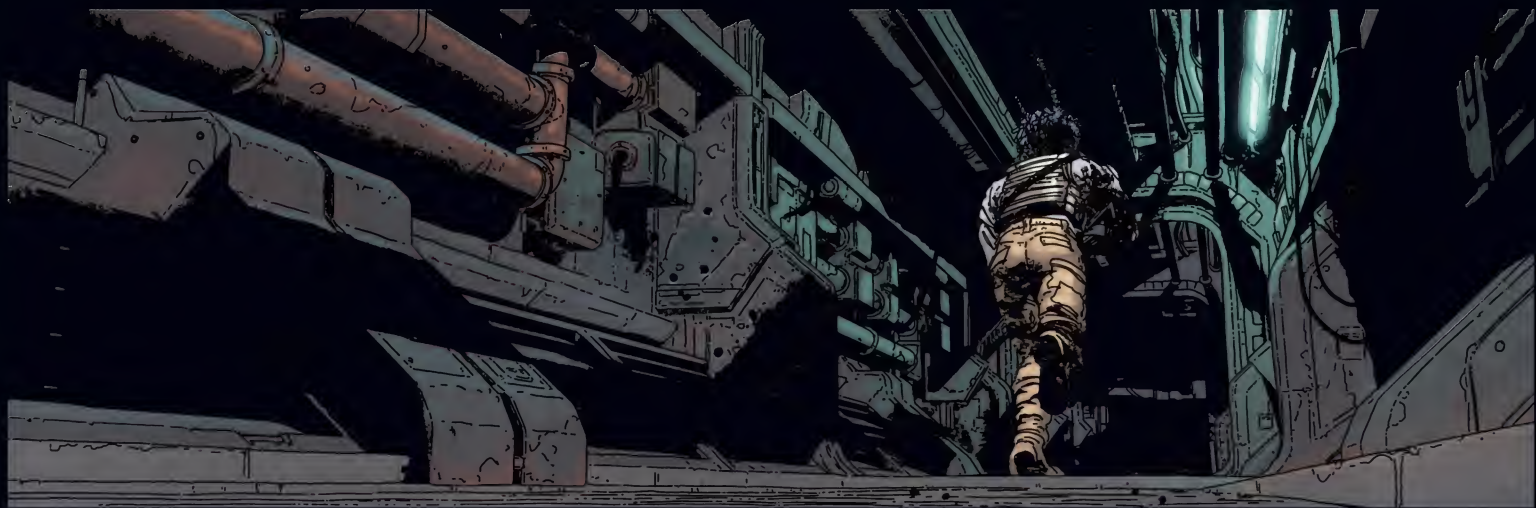
SPECIAL THANKS TO **JOSH IZZO** AND **NICOLE SPIEGEL** AT TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

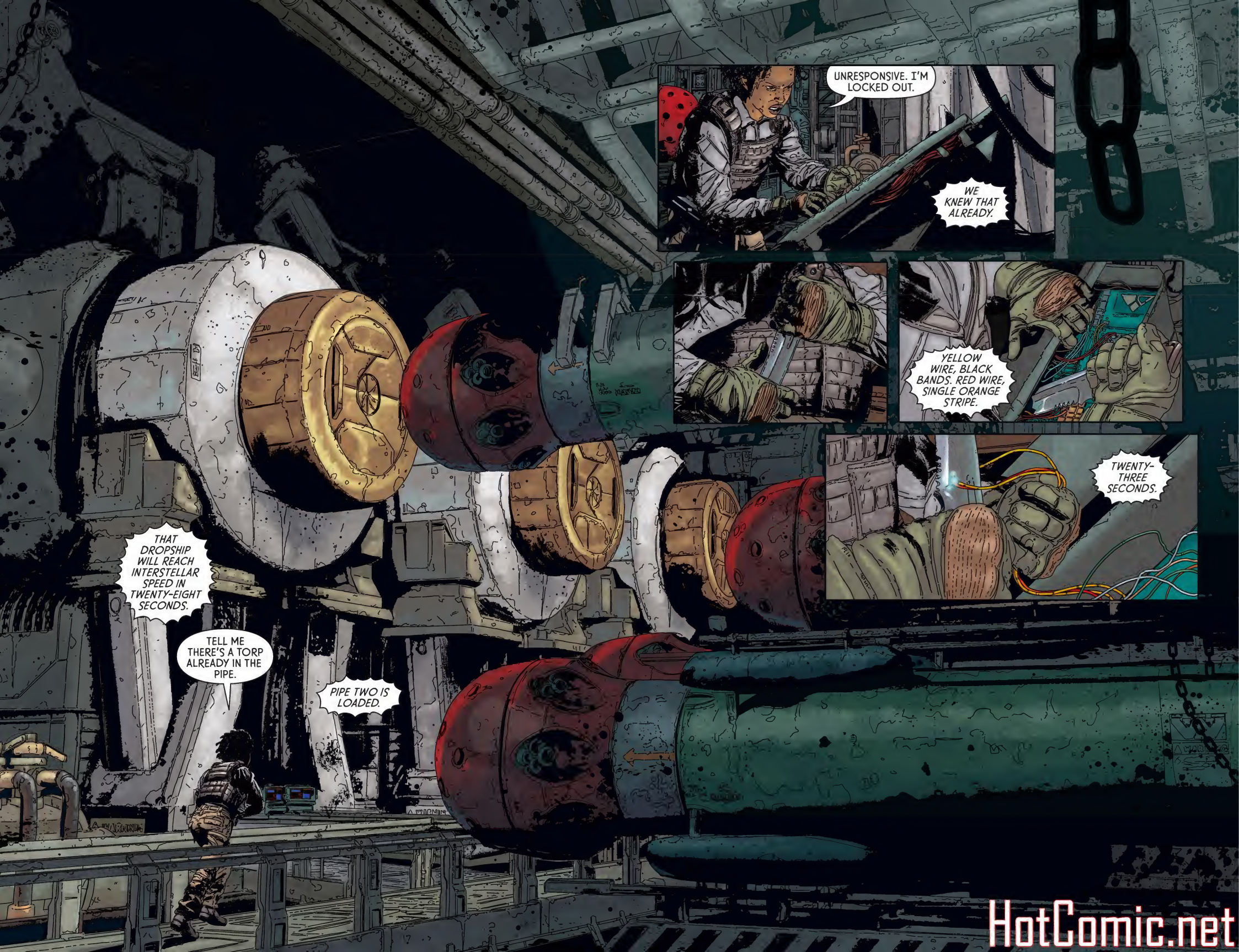
Publisher **MIKE RICHARDSON** Editor **SPENCER CUSHING** Assistant Editor **KEVIN BURKHALTER**
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UNRESPONSIVE. I'M
LOCKED OUT.

WE
KNEW THAT
ALREADY.

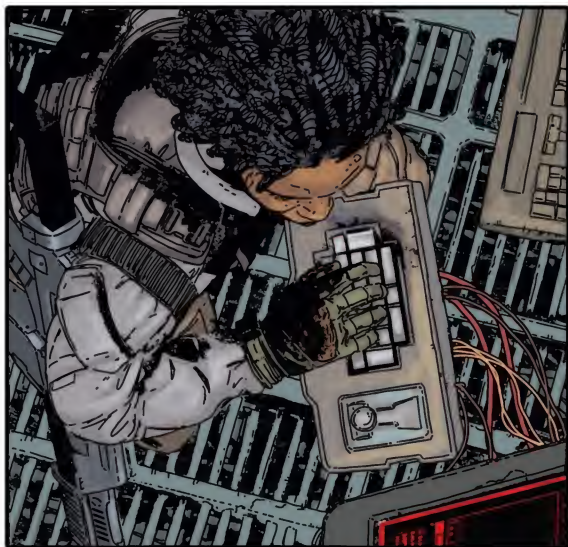
YELLOW
WIRE, BLACK
BANDS. RED WIRE,
SINGLE ORANGE
STRIPE.

TWENTY-
THREE
SECONDS.

THAT
DROPSHIP
WILL REACH
INTERSTELLAR
SPEED IN
TWENTY-EIGHT
SECONDS.

TELL ME
THERE'S A TORP
ALREADY IN THE
PIPE.

PIPE TWO IS
LOADED.



HENDRICKS.

SHUT
UP.

EIGHTEEN
SECONDS.



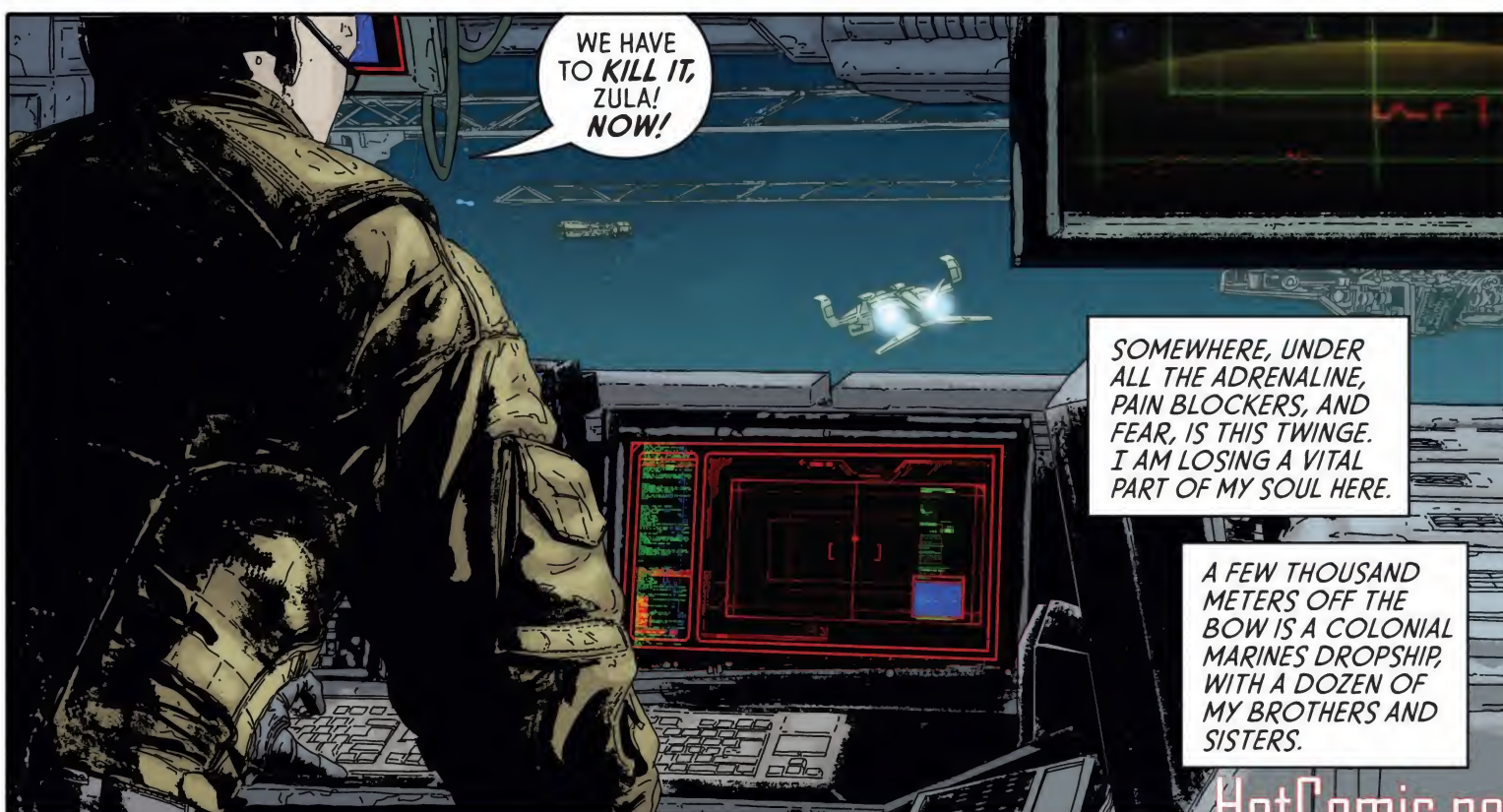
THIS SYSTEM
HAS A SEVEN-SECOND
REBOOT CYCLE. YOU
ARE FACTORING THAT
IN, RIGHT?

RIGHT,
DAVIS?



...
NINE
SECONDS.

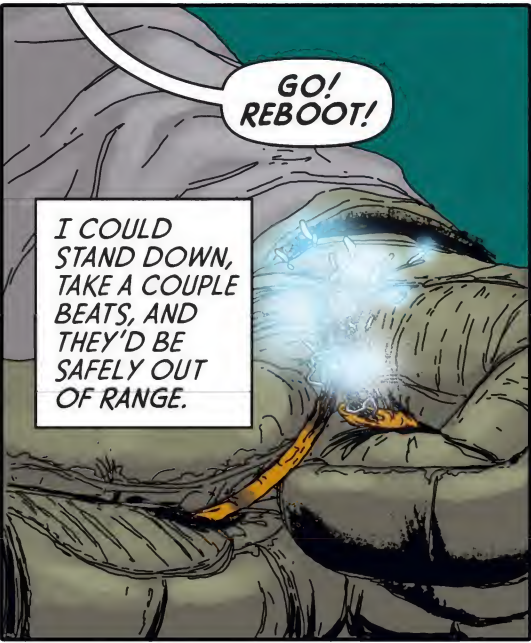
EIGHT.



WE HAVE
TO **KILL IT**,
ZULA!
NOW!

SOMEWHERE, UNDER
ALL THE ADRENALINE,
PAIN BLOCKERS, AND
FEAR, IS THIS TWINGE.
I AM LOSING A VITAL
PART OF MY SOUL HERE.

A FEW THOUSAND
METERS OFF THE
BOW IS A COLONIAL
MARINES DROPSHIP,
WITH A DOZEN OF
MY BROTHERS AND
SISTERS.



I COULD
STAND DOWN,
TAKE A COUPLE
BEATS, AND
THEY'D BE
SAFELY OUT
OF RANGE.



BUT INSTEAD
I DO THIS.

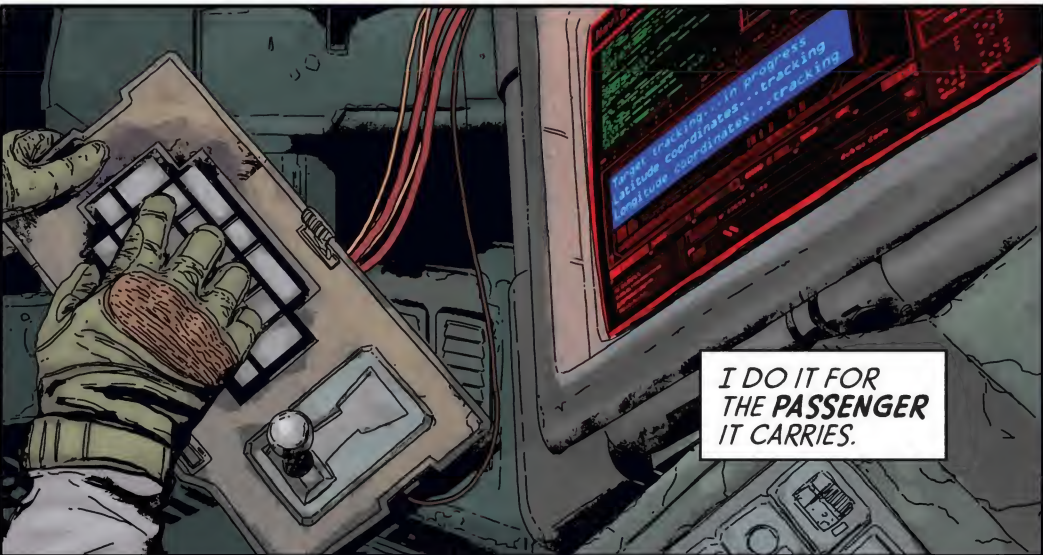
FIRING!



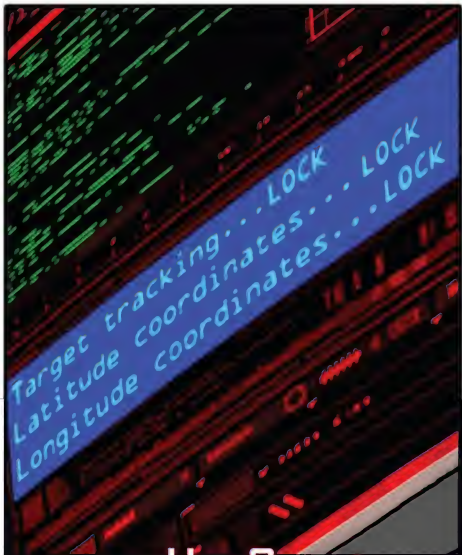
I DON'T DO IT TO KILL
THE TWELVE SOLDIERS
ON THAT SHIP.



FIRE!
FIRE!
COME ON,
FIRE!



I DO IT FOR
THE PASSENGER
IT CARRIES.



Target tracking... LOCK
Latitude coordinates... LOCK
Longitude coordinates... LOCK

DARK HORSE COMICS AND 20th CENTURY FOX PRESENT

SCRIPT BRIAN WOOD

ART TRISTAN JONES

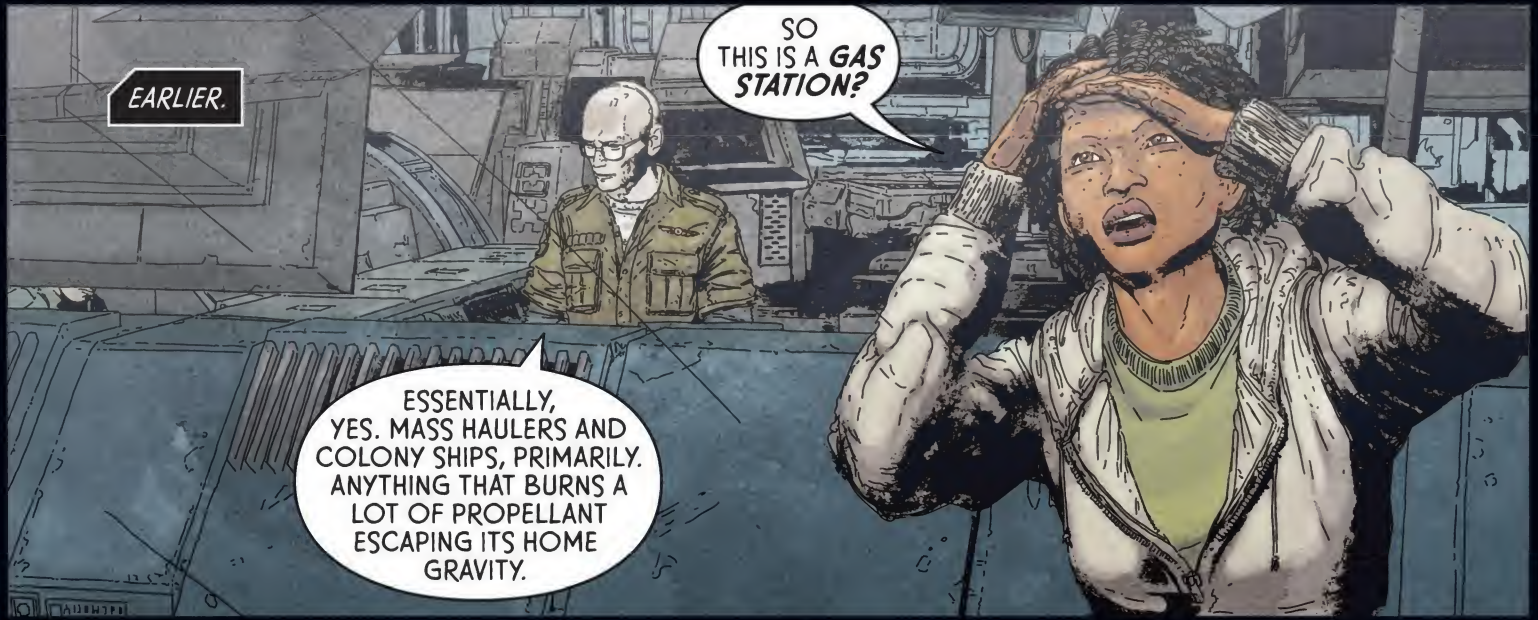
COLORS DAN JACKSON

LETTERING NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

A L I E N STM
D E F I A N C E



EPISODE FIVE SIEGE



EARLIER.

SO
THIS IS A **GAS**
STATION?

ESSENTIALLY,
YES. MASS HAULERS AND
COLONY SHIPS, PRIMARILY.
ANYTHING THAT BURNS A
LOT OF PROPELLANT
ESCAPING ITS HOME
GRAVITY.



IT'S
HUGE.

THERE'S
SHORT-STAY
HOUSING, FOOD
SERVICE, A
SECURITY FORCE,
STORAGE BAYS,
AND MULTIPLE
COMMON
AREAS.



HUNDREDS,
MAYBE THOUSANDS,
OF PEOPLE.

AND THE
STOLEN DATA FROM
WEYLAND-YUTANI HAS
FLAGGED THIS AS A
POSSIBLE CONTAGION
BREAKOUT
POINT.




LOTS
OF SHIPS ARE
BERTHED
HERE.

HOW
MANY HAVE
ALREADY
LEFT?


I SENSE ANOTHER
SPACEWALK IN MY FUTURE.



YEAH.



ONLY GOOD THING IS MY
BACK DOESN'T HURT SO
MUCH IN ZERO G. DR.
YANG GUESSED AS MUCH.





LAST TIME
WE SPOKE SHE
SUGGESTED
I BUILD A
HYPERBARIC
CHAMBER IN
ONE OF THE
STASIS BEDS.



EASIER SAID
THAN DONE.



ANYWAY, THIS WAS DAVIS'S
IDEA. HE RECOMMENDED
AN ABUNDANCE OF CAUTION
IN ENTERING THE DEPOT.



WHY USE THE
FRONT DOOR,
OR ANY DOOR...



...WHEN YOU CAN
CRAWL THROUGH
A FUEL LINE?



ZERO G TURNS
TO QUARTER G,
THEN HALF. THE
PAIN RETURNS.

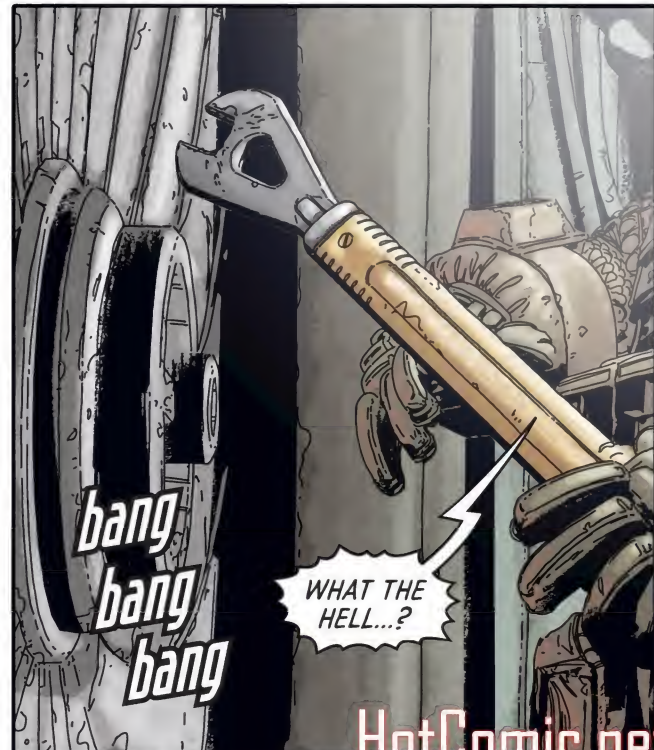


LOOKS LIKE THEY
KEEP THIS STATION
AT ABOUT POINT
EIGHT EARTH'S
GRAVITY. NOT TOO
BAD ON MY SPINE.



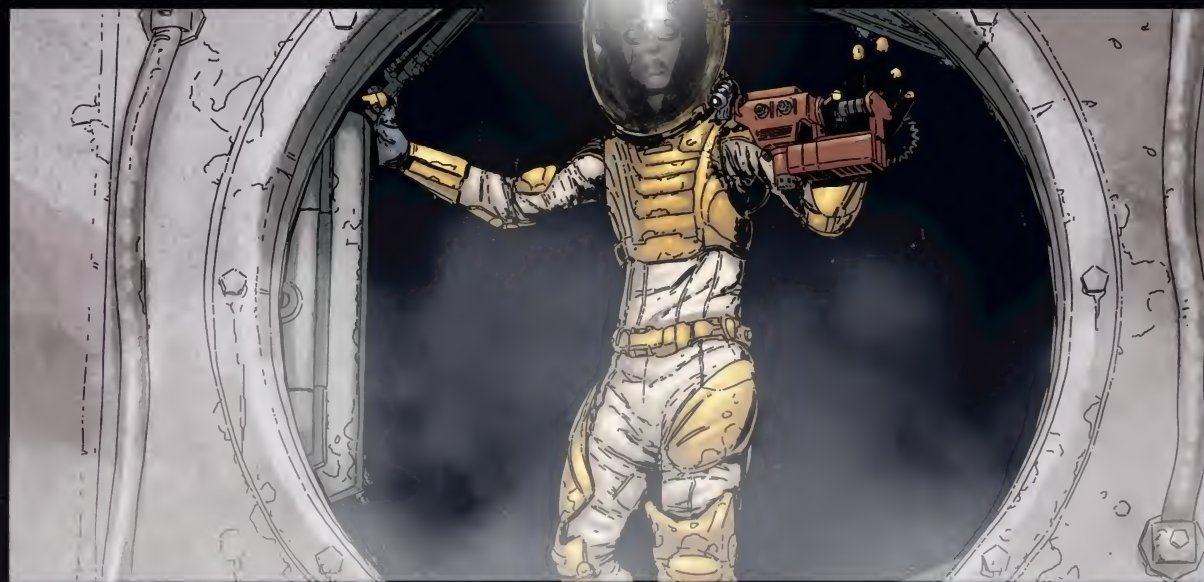
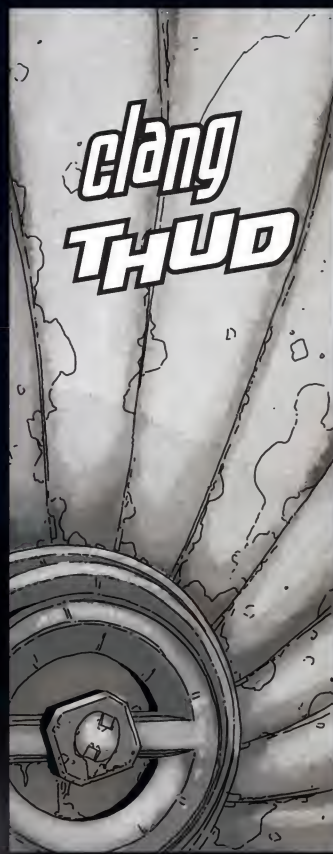
YOU SURE IT'S
EMPTY? THERE'S NOT,
I DUNNO, A FEW MILLION
CUBIC FEET OF LIQUID
HYDROGEN ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF
THIS SEAL?

SENSORS
INDICATE IT'S
EMPTY.



bang
bang
bang

WHAT THE
HELL...?





I'M DR.
HOLLIS, MED
OFFICER. MY GOD,
AM I GLAD TO
SEE YOU. PRETTY
SURE I'M THE LAST
PERSON ALIVE
ON THIS
STATION.



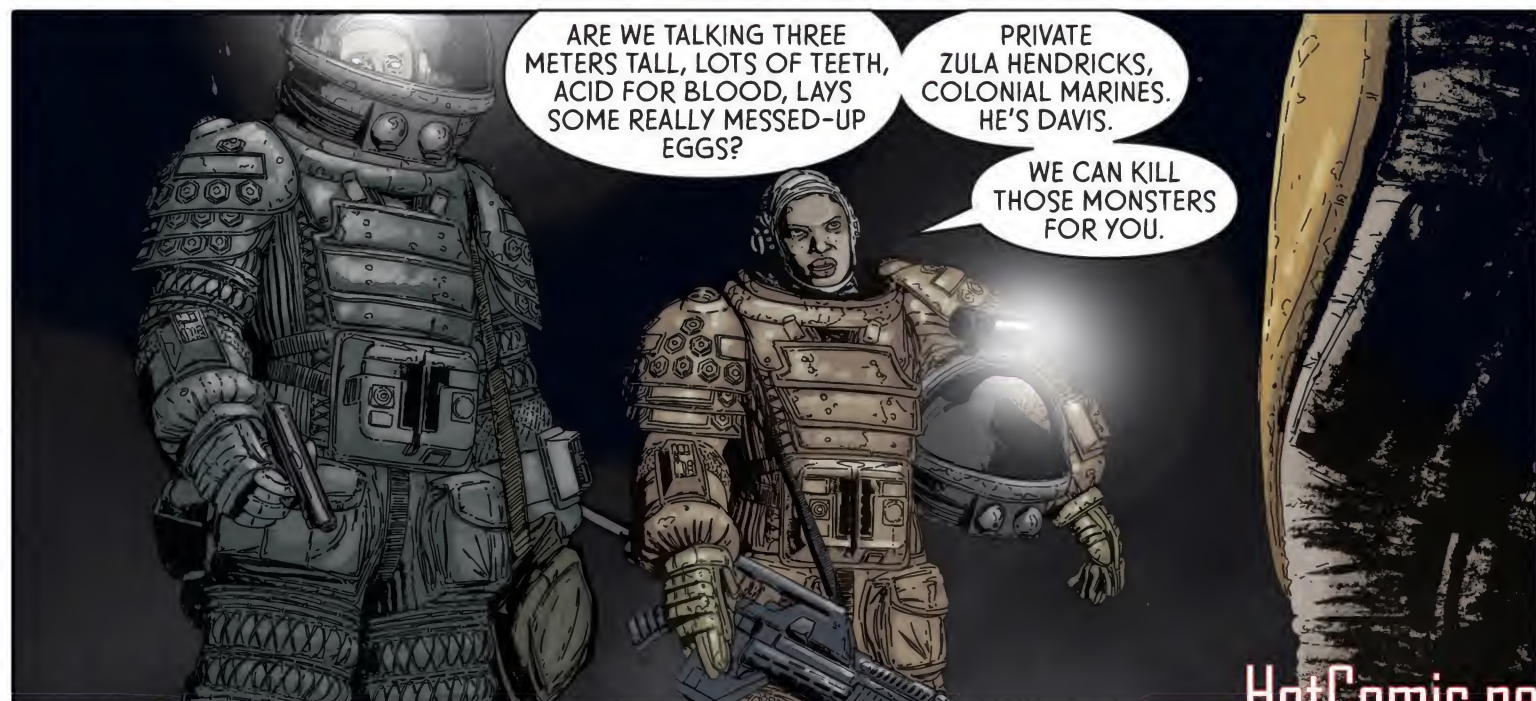
I'VE BEEN
TRACKING YOUR
BIOSIGNATURES. SMART
MOVE, COMING IN THROUGH
A FUEL LINE. FIGURED THE LEAST
I COULD DO WAS ROLL
OUT THE WELCOME MAT,
SO TO SPEAK.



LAST PERSON
ALIVE?

THIS IS GOING TO
SOUND ODD. I MEAN, I'M A
MICROBIOLOGIST WORKING
IN DEEP SPACE, BUT
THIS...

...LISTEN,
THERE'S
SOMETHING ON
THIS STATION, A
LIFE FORM--




ARE WE TALKING THREE
METERS TALL, LOTS OF TEETH,
ACID FOR BLOOD, LAYS
SOME REALLY MESSED-UP
EGGS?

PRIVATE
ZULA HENDRICKS,
COLONIAL MARINES.
HE'S DAVIS.

WE CAN KILL
THOSE MONSTERS
FOR YOU.



"WELCOME TO
THE WRIGHT-ABERRA
FUEL DEPOT."



I SEALED OFF THE LOWER
DECKS, FROM HERE AND HERE
ON DOWN. IT'S A HARD SEAL--
THE DOORS ARE DESIGNED
TO WITHSTAND HYDROGEN
FUEL EXPLOSIONS.

SAME WITH THE
JETTIES LEADING
TO THE SHIPS.
ALL HARD
SEALS.

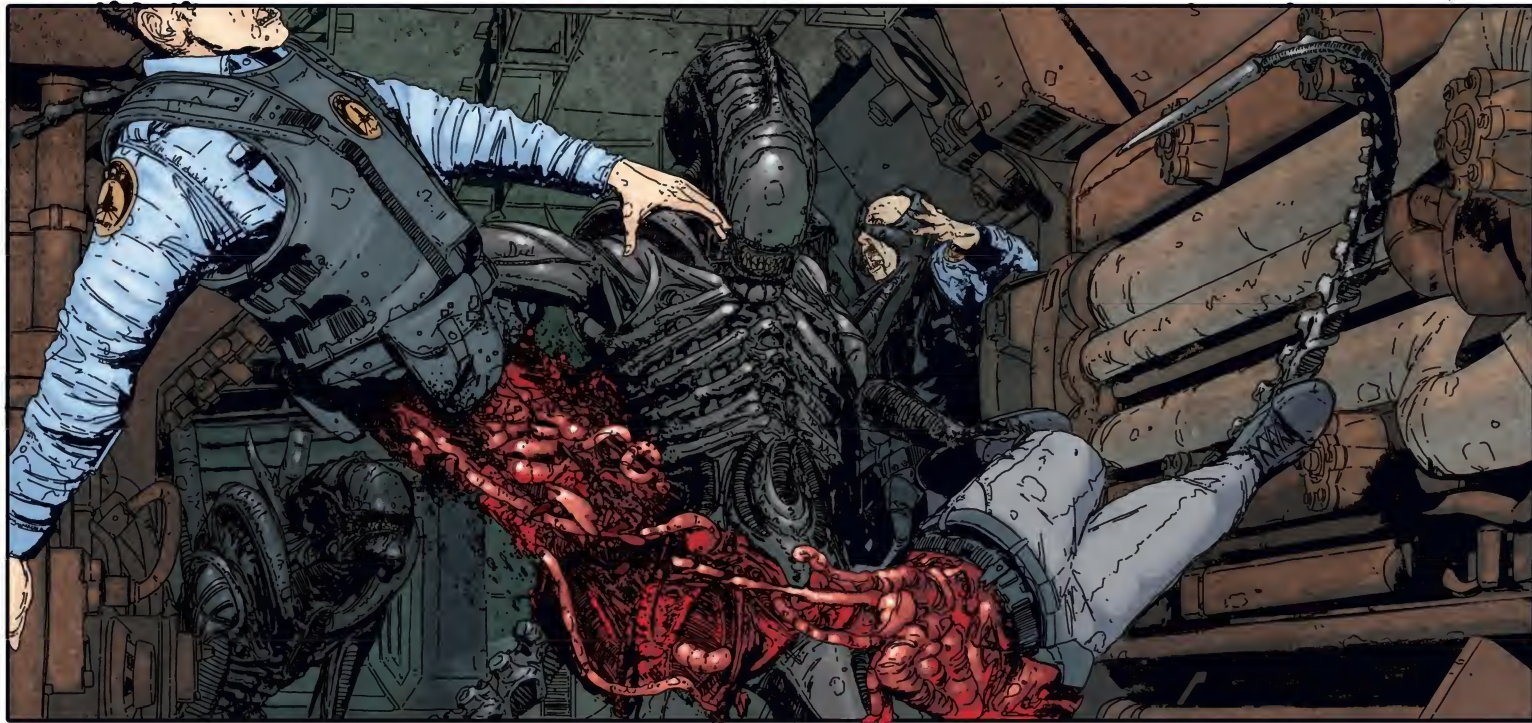
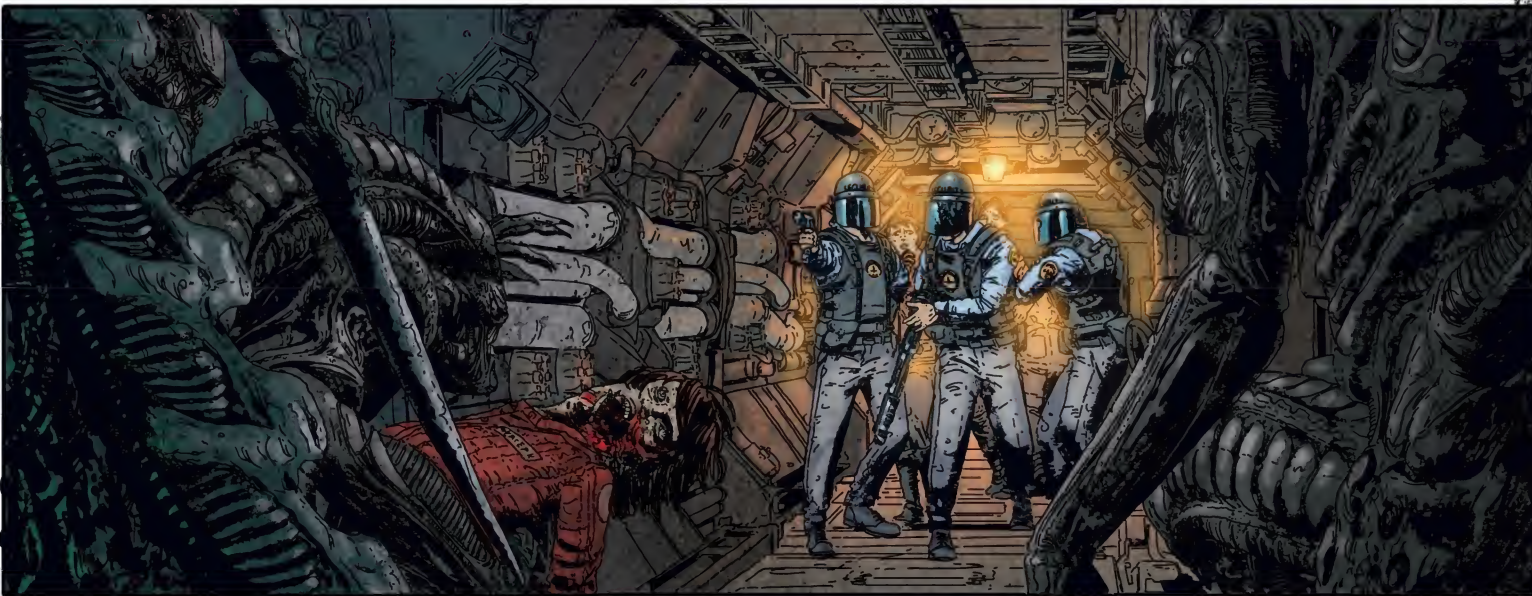
IS THERE A GROUND
ZERO FOR THE
INFESTATION?

THIS
COLONY
HAULER...



...CAME IN
THREE WEEKS AGO,
PACKED WITH REFUGEES
FROM A CONFLICT ZONE.
THE CREATURES SPREAD TO
COMMON AREAS AND ON
INTO OTHER SHIPS IN BERTH.
THREE OF THEM TOOK OFF,
BUT WE WERE ABLE TO
HOLD THE OTHERS
HERE.

I'LL NEED
FLIGHT MANIFESTS
FOR THOSE THREE
SHIPS. WHAT ELSE
CAN YOU TELL ME
ABOUT WHAT
HAPPENED?

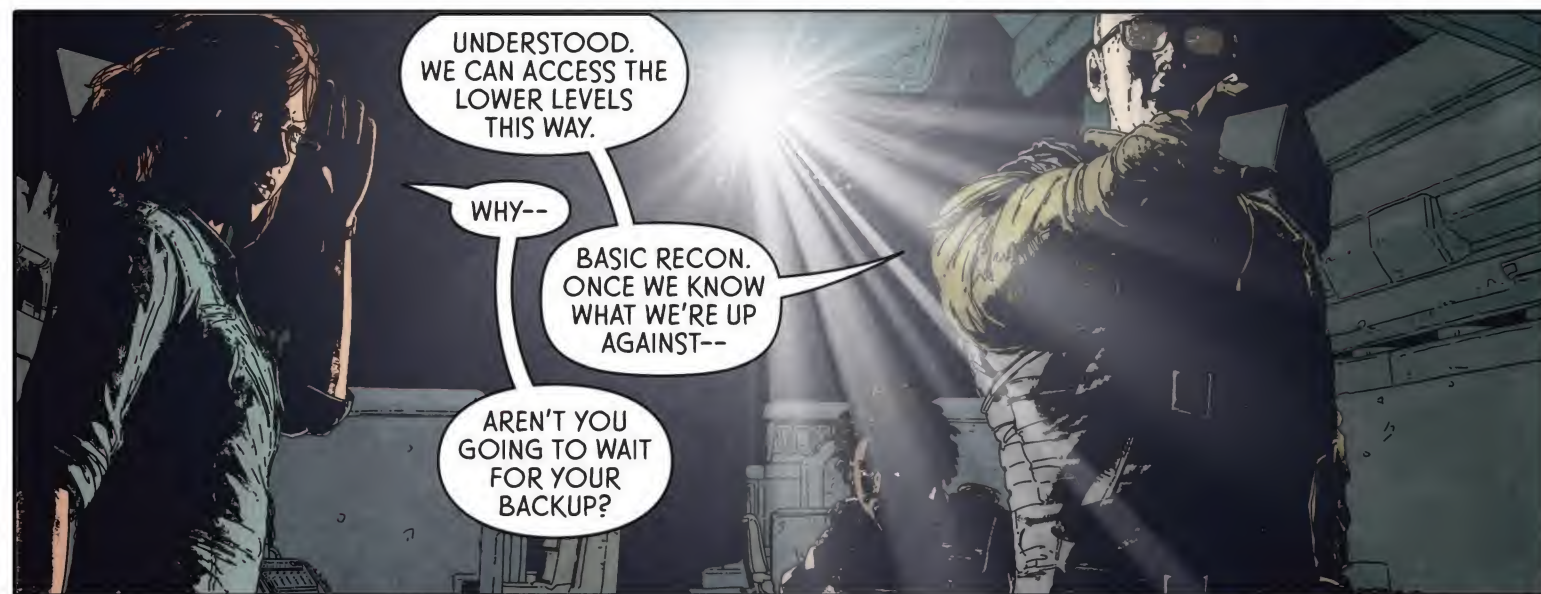






NOTHING GOOD.

I'VE ONLY BEEN ON THIS STATION A FEW MONTHS. I DIDN'T MAKE A LOT OF FRIENDS. STILL, SEEING EVERYONE AROUND YOU KILLED LIKE THIS...

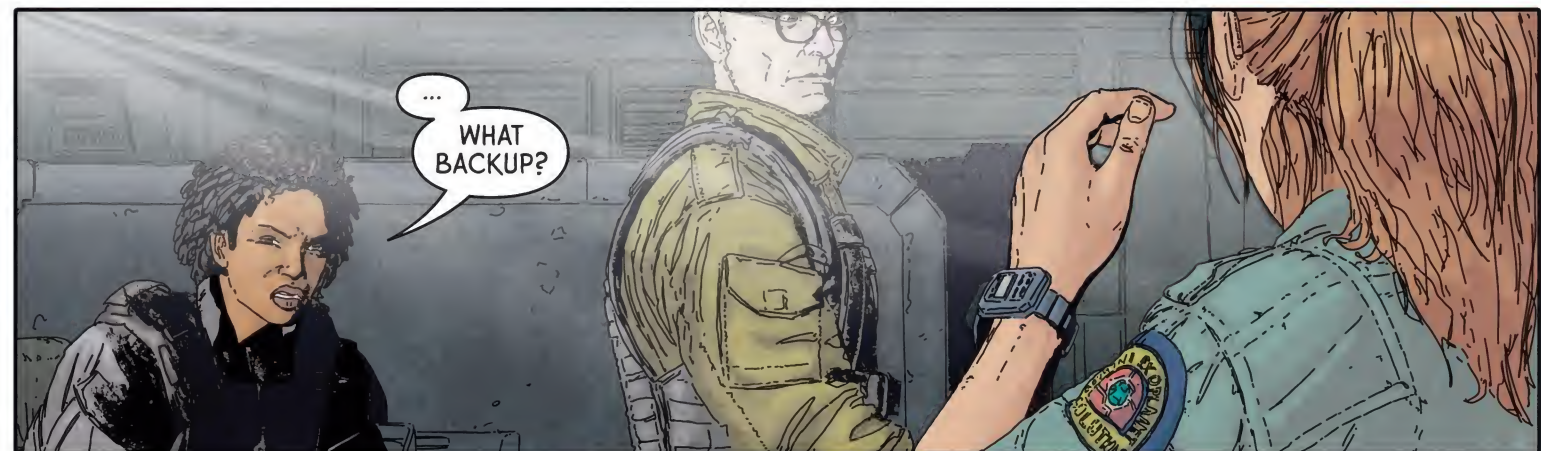


UNDERSTOOD. WE CAN ACCESS THE LOWER LEVELS THIS WAY.

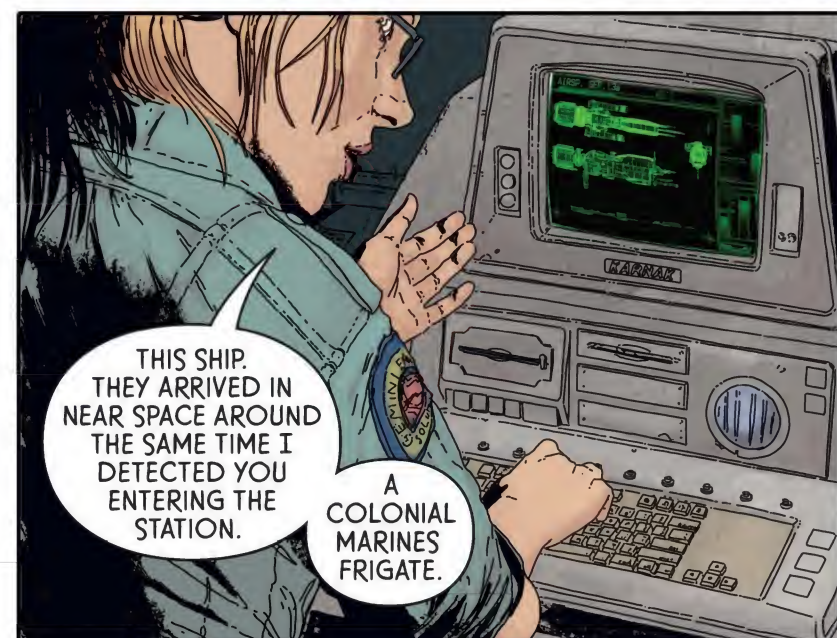
WHY--

BASIC RECON. ONCE WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST--

AREN'T YOU GOING TO WAIT FOR YOUR BACKUP?



...
WHAT BACKUP?



THIS SHIP. THEY ARRIVED IN NEAR SPACE AROUND THE SAME TIME I DETECTED YOU ENTERING THE STATION.

A COLONIAL MARINES FRIGATE.



ON AN INTERCEPT COURSE. NO RESPONSE TO AUTOMATED HAILS. I FIGURED MAYBE THAT WAS A COMBAT THING?

WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT? ARE THESE YOUR FRIENDS OR AREN'T THEY?



I FIGURE I SHOULD
COME CLEAN ABOUT
TALKING TO DR. YANG.

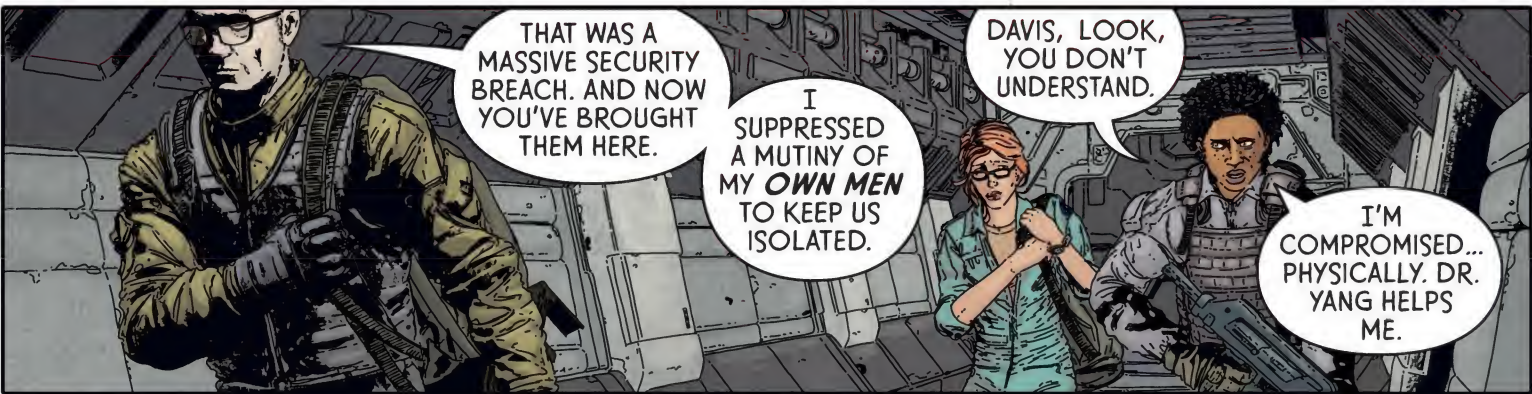


NOT THAT I LIKE
TO TALK ABOUT IT.



"YOU'VE BEEN IN
CONTACT WITH YOUR
MEDICAL DOCTOR?
BACK AT TRANQUILITY?"

NOT THAT IT'S ANYONE'S
BUSINESS WHAT'S GOING
ON WITH ME AND MY BODY.



THAT WAS A
MASSIVE SECURITY
BREACH. AND NOW
YOU'VE BROUGHT
THEM HERE.

I
SUPPRESSED
A MUTINY OF
MY **OWN** MEN
TO KEEP US
ISOLATED.

DAVIS, LOOK,
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

I'M
COMPROMISED...
PHYSICALLY. DR.
YANG HELPS
ME.

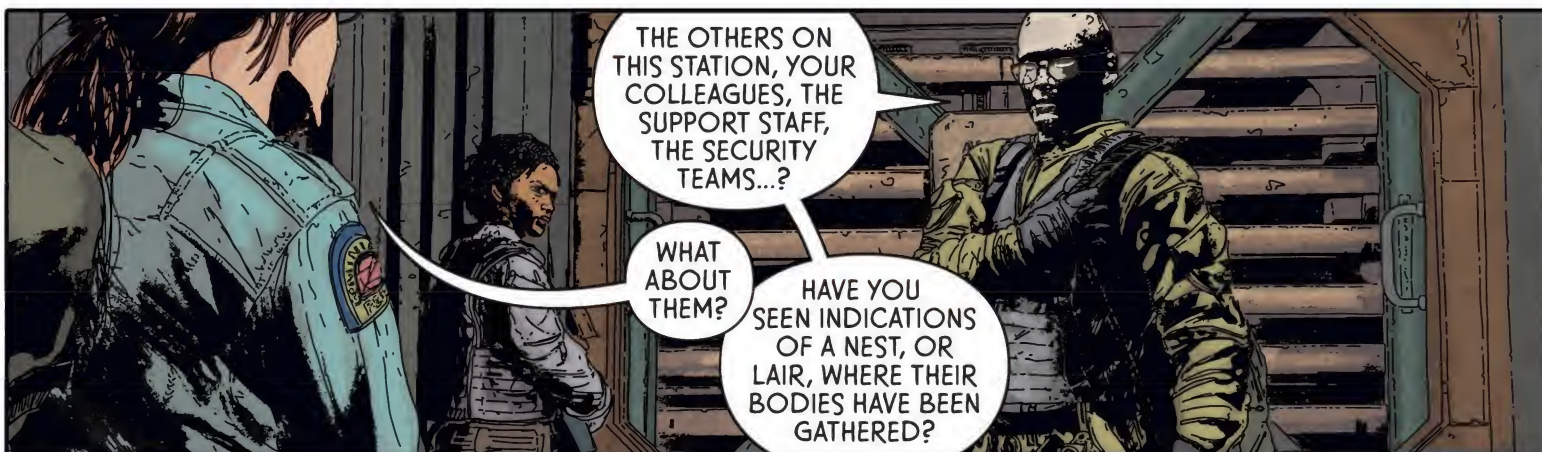


WE
ARE **BOTH**
COMPROMISED,
IN EVERY SENSE
I CAN **THINK**
OF.

BUT IS IT POSSIBLE
I'M JUST SELFISH?
I THINK OF DAVIS AS
A CORPORATE DRONE.
BUT AS HE HIMSELF
EVOLVES, MAYBE HE
FEELS MORE THAN I
GIVE HIM CREDIT FOR.



DR. HOLLIS?
I HAVE SOME
QUESTIONS.



THE OTHERS ON
THIS STATION, YOUR
COLLEAGUES, THE
SUPPORT STAFF,
THE SECURITY
TEAMS...?

WHAT
ABOUT
THEM?

HAVE YOU
SEEN INDICATIONS
OF A NEST, OR
LAIR, WHERE THEIR
BODIES HAVE BEEN
GATHERED?



YOU *KNOW*
ABOUT THAT? IS
THAT WHAT THEY
ALWAYS DO?

NEXT
QUESTION:
CAN YOU USE A
FIREARM?



I'VE HAD
SOME FIELD
TRAINING...

TAKE THIS.
I THINK IT'S BEST
YOU STAY WITH
US.



DAVIS?

ARE YOU
GOING TO
LET THE ALIENS
OUT?



HOW MANY MARINES ON A FRIGATE?



PROBABLY TWO SQUADS. TWENTY-FOUR MEN AND WOMEN.



RIGHT. AND IN THAT MATCHUP, WE DIE. BUT IF WE LET THESE ALIENS RUN INTERFERENCE FOR US, WE MAY SURVIVE THIS.



WE *MAY*? C'MON...



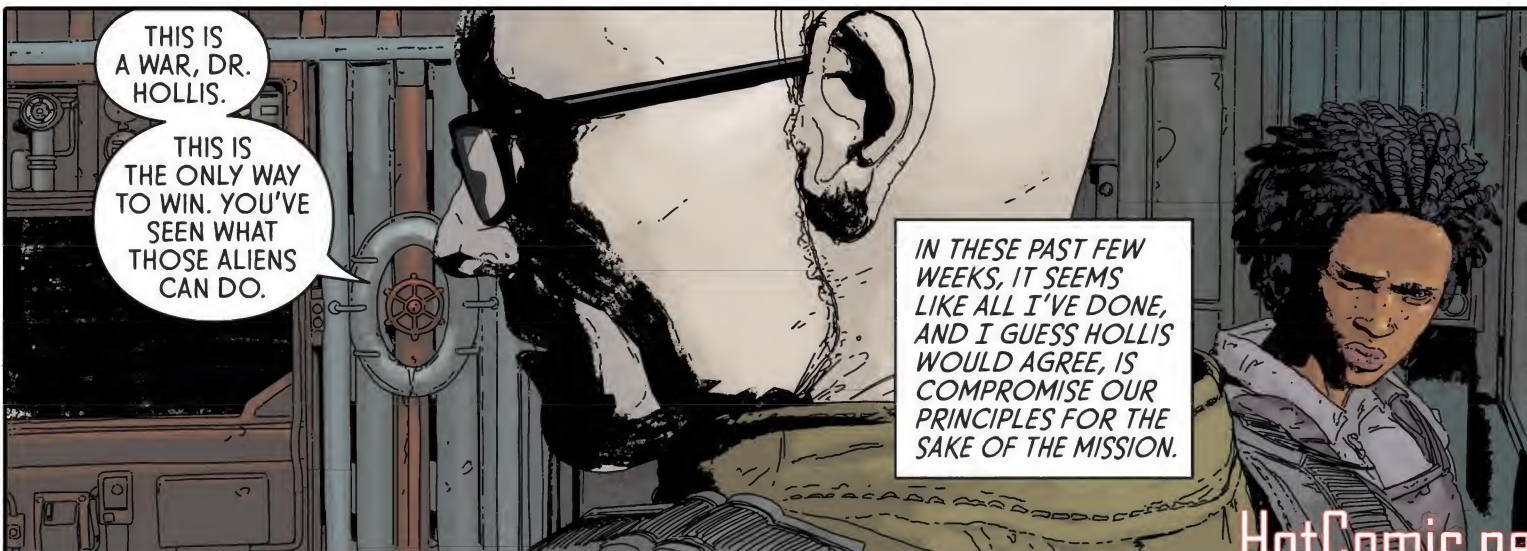
THE FOLLOWING ACTIONS, IN ORDER: OPEN THE BLAST DOORS. RETURN TO THE *EUROPA*, PREFERABLY THE WAY WE CAME IN, AND WITH DR. HOLLIS.

YOU WILL HACK THE CONTROLS TO OPEN ALL AIRLOCKS AT THE SAME TIME WHILE DISENGAGING THE FAIL-SAFES DESIGNED TO CONTAIN A BREACH.



WE LEAVE, ALIVE. EVERYONE ELSE, DEAD.

MY GOD.



THIS IS A WAR, DR. HOLLIS.


THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO WIN. YOU'VE SEEN WHAT THOSE ALIENS CAN DO.

IN THESE PAST FEW WEEKS, IT SEEMS LIKE ALL I'VE DONE, AND I GUESS HOLLIS WOULD AGREE, IS COMPROMISE OUR PRINCIPLES FOR THE SAKE OF THE MISSION.




BUT I
AGREE
WITH THE
MISSION.

LIKE THE GUY SAID, I'VE SEEN WHAT
THEY CAN DO. AND I THINK ABOUT
DR. YANG, AMANDA RIPLEY, EVERYONE
ON LUNA...ON **EARTH...**



THAT MAKES
IT EASIER. BUT
SOMETHING'S
BEEN NAGGING
AT ME.

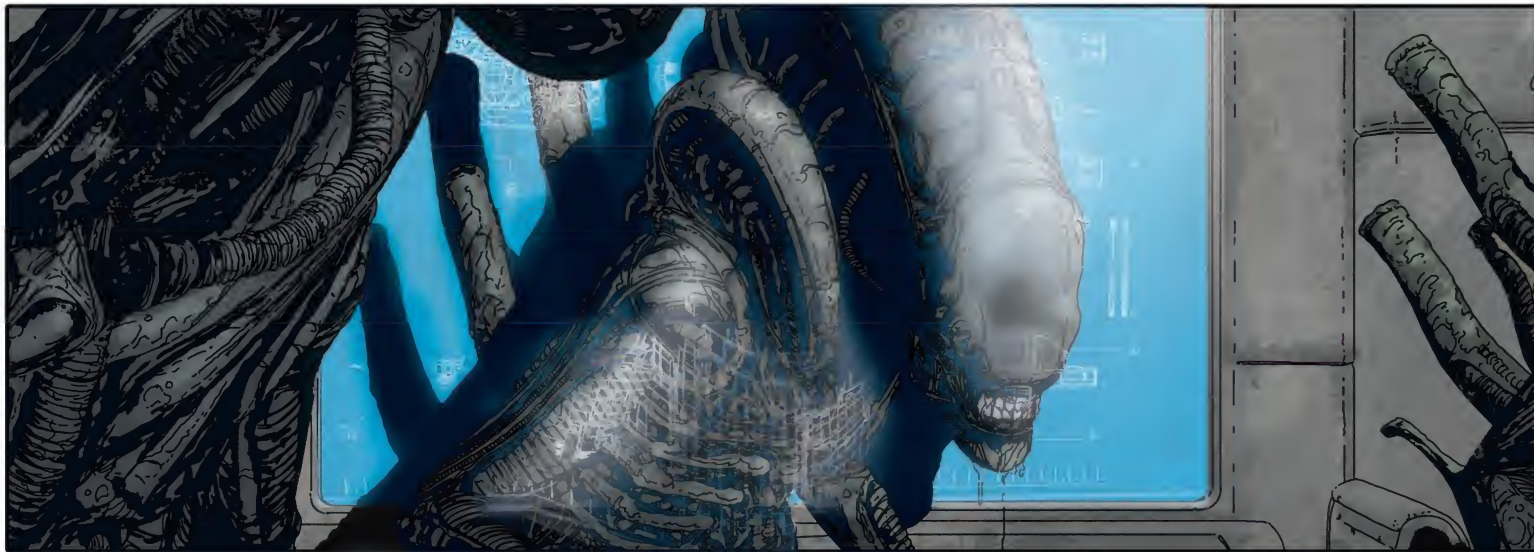
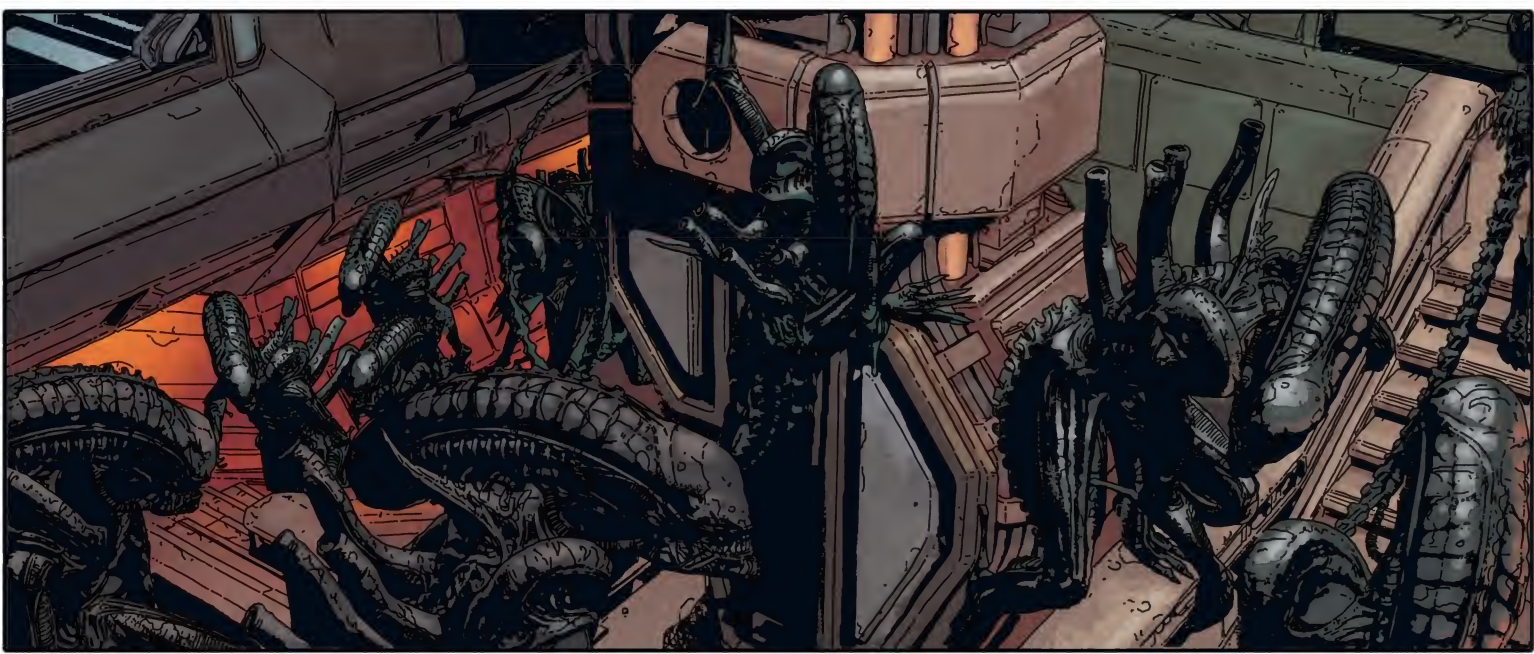


A SINGLE SECURITY OFFICER
AND A CRIPPLED GIRL--THESE
THINGS, IF I CAN BE REALLY
BLUNT FOR A SEC, ARE NOT SO
BIG AND IMPORTANT IN THE
GRAND SCHEME OF THINGS.

YET DR. YANG FINDS ME,
WHICH IS NO SMALL FEAT
CONSIDERING THE
PRECAUTIONS WE TAKE,
AND TRANQUILITY SENDS
TWO SQUADS EXTRASOLAR...
JUST TO KILL US? FOR
GOING AWOL?



WE'RE MISSING
SOMETHING.



THEY'RE CLOSE.
SERGEANT RESTREPO!





THEY
AREN'T HERE
FOR US.

THEY'RE
TAKING A
SPECIMEN
BACK!



IF DR. YANG DID
BETRAY ME, WHICH,
YEAH, OKAY, SHE
PROBABLY DID...



...THEN MY
LOYALTIES
ARE ALL KINDS
OF WRONG.

FRIZZAK
FZAA
AK

TO BE CONTINUED